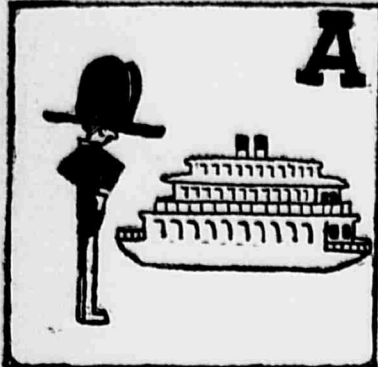


The World.

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HOW SOME OF THE MONEY GOES.

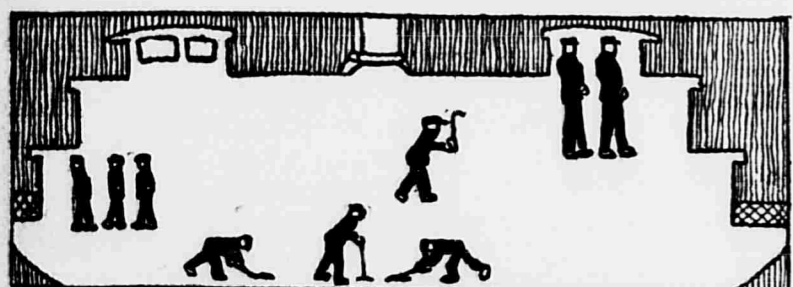
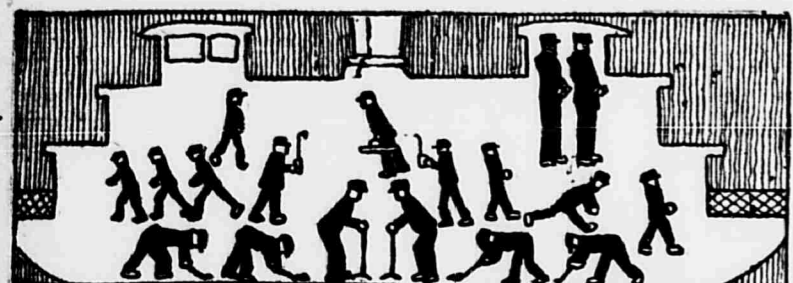


ACCORDING to the testimony of the auditor of the Department of Docks and Ferries, New York City in 1907 lost through the operation of the Thirty-ninth Street and Staten Island ferries \$1,026,272. The city's docks, which are worth tens of millions of dollars, made a profit of only \$1,121,092.

Thus the loss on these two ferries alone almost wiped out the total net income from New York's valuable docks.

Before the city took it over the Staten Island Ferry did not pay. That was, of course, the reason why its owners were so desirous for the city to buy it from them. Since the city bought the ferry it has put on new ferryboats—the best ferryboats in New York Harbor. It has given and now gives a better service.

How extravagantly the city runs its ferry these two pictures show. The eighteen men are the one shift on a Staten Island ferryboat. The nine men are one shift on one of the big two-story North River ferryboats. The municipal ferryboat has a pilot and a captain, two engineers, two oilers, four firemen, five deckhands, two water tenders and a carpenter.



The large North River ferryboats have a pilot and a captain, one engineer, one oiler, two firemen and three deckhands. The city employs twice as many men to do the same work, and it employs three shifts where the privately owned ferry lines get along with two shifts. That is, in twenty-four hours the city pays wages to fifty-four men where a private corporation pays smaller wages to eighteen men.

No sooner was the Brooklyn Bridge railroad transferred from the city to the B. R. T. than wages were reduced and many men were laid off. This resulted in a great saving to the B. R. T., but of that saving what penny of benefit has the public received? The B. R. T.'s investment of capital on the Brooklyn Bridge is almost nothing. The city built the bridge and pays for its maintenance now. Yet with the cost of carrying passengers over the bridge reduced a half the fare to the public remains the same, and the service is worse than ever.

This is wholly distinct from the question of municipal operation. The Brooklyn Ferry Company is now seeking to have the city take over its unprofitable ferries. The Thirty-ninth Street Ferry has been bought by the city. The traction monopoly is in favor of the city building more bridges for its street cars to run over. The city of New York might well follow the example of Bergen and Passaic Counties in New Jersey, which are now demanding that the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey shall pay one-third of the cost of construction and one-third the cost of maintenance of the new county bridges which it uses.

Letters From the People

Terrible!
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Who said "Oconomowoc" has no word to rhyme with it?
 An actor from Oconomowoc played "Ten Nights in a Barroom" in Norwalk.
 After the first act (Now this is a fact)
 Oconomowoc couldn't talk, stand nor walk.

P. S. NOBODY.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A problem was to be solved, as follows: A man gave his note for \$20.00 on which he was to pay 6 per cent. interest. At the end of ten months he made a payment of \$20. At the end of the following six months he made a payment of \$20, and in one year and eight months he paid the remainder. What was the full amount? I find \$2,322.50 to be the full amount.
 BENJAMIN BRICKMAN.

Petty Thiefs.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Somebody breaks into my desk at the store, in my absence, and steals stamps, pencils, stationery, &c. Several other ladies employed here have also lost trifles in the same way. If any one could steal \$100.00 from my desk it might be worth while. But I have disgust for any one who will sell soul and honor and self respect for a few cents worth of trifles. What do readers think? Is not such a petty thief morally worse than a more enterprising criminal?
 STENOGRAPHER.

The List of Game.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In answer to the problem that "Mr. Roosevelt in Africa will kill five times as many tigers as elephants, and seven

mons less than tigers, and the total of these will be twice as much as the number of tigers, less half of the lions, here is the solution: Let X or $2 =$ elephants, then $6X =$ tigers, and $5X =$ lions. $X = 10$, $6X = 60$, $5X = 50$. Substituting 2 for $X = 10$, $6X = 60$, $5X = 50$. Answer: 3 elephants, 15 tigers, 5 lions. M. L. N. Bernardville, N. J.

The Servant Question.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I was glad to read the comment on the difficulty of getting servants and the high price charged often for shiftless work. Many employers treat servants badly. But some of us are not brutes, and we try to make life pleasant for our servants and look after their comfort. Yet we fare as badly often as the most brutal, exacting employers. Must the home go, or can some compromise be reached?
 MRS. C.

Pronounced "See-Squee."
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 What is the correct pronunciation of "Biscuit" in "Biscuit Tortoise"? R. R. F.
A Yuletide Versicle.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Jingle, jingle, jingle! Hear the Christmas bells!
 What a tale of blow-in cash every little tale!
 Gifts to folk we dare not slight, gifts to folk to "set in right."
 Polk we'd cut out if we might. That's where lack of money goes. And the worst of Christmas woes is that making all this dash. We can't keep sufficient cash. For the things we'd like to buy. For the people you and I. Really want to buy for. Not gifts. Tribute! What a bore!
 TIGHTWAD.

The New York Girl--No. 10

By Maurice Ketten



THE FUR GIRL

John Henry and a Few Other Perfectly Innocent Bystanders Find Themselves in a Car That's Infested by a Bridal Couple

By George V. Hobart.

DEAR BUNCH—I'm headed for home, but the hurdles are holding me back. I met a whole flock of "the boys" in Rochester yesterday morning, and since most of 'em were making a flying leap for New York you can believe me it was a swift squad of sports that climbed into one of Mr. Pullman's sleep-wagons and permitted themselves to be yanked over the rails.

A bunch of brash ones—believe me! There was Charlie Hammond, leading man with the "Kitty, the Kasha Girl" company; David Torrence, first heavy with the melodrama entitled "The Haunted Automobile; or, Who Stole the Muffler?" Frank Westerton, first low sad with the "Crazy Quilt Burlesque;" Emmett Corrigan, who is lecturing through the provinces on "How to Play Bridge Without Impairing the Tonsils;" Malcolm Williams, the handsomest leading man in the show business—when completely shaved; William Burriss, the Bathrobe King; Charlie Abbott, who sells that fine Monticello honey-dew, and Arthur Shaw.

Shaw travels for a clothing house in Cincinnati, and they call him Slim because he's getting so fat that every time he turns around he meets himself coming back.

Then there was Nick Dalrymple and Tod Gilpin—two live ones with a full set of sparks flying.

Nick goes after the orders for a hardware house in Columbus, and he knows everybody in the world—bar one family living in Yonkers.

Nick has only one trouble, he will paddle after the poles.

Whenever he makes a town where there's a poolroom his expense account gets fat and beefy, and Nick begins to worry for fear he may win something.

He won \$12 in Cleveland once, and he spent \$12 at a boozeologist's that night getting statistics on how it happened.

"Pipe the gang to quarters and all rubber!" said Slim, about half an hour after the train pulled out.

In the seat ahead of us a somewhat demure-looking Proposition in rainbow rags had been sampling the scenery ever since we started.

We had all given her the glad glance, but she was very much Cold Storage, so we passed it up.

As Slim spoke the Proposition was joined by a young chap with a loose face, who had been out in the smoking room working faithfully on one of those pajama panatella cigars that bite you on the finger if you show the least sign of fear.

Just then the train stopped for a few minutes, and we were put wise to the fact that it was an incurable case of bride and bridegroom.

"Oh, Boozey is back to his Birdie!" said the brand new wife. "Did Boozey like his smoky woky?"

Boozey opened a bunch of grins and sat down, while wifey patted his cheek and cooed.

"Is uns glad to get back to uns 'little wifey-pifey?"

Dave Torrence and Charlie Hammond began to scream inwardly, with Slim chuckling like a pet porpoise.

"Sweetie mustn't be angry with Pele, but Sweetie is sitting on Pele's 'little hand'!" said the bride, whereupon Malcolm Williams exploded, and Slim began to grin for his breath.

A Dutch brewer and his wife sat right ahead of Boozey and Birdie, and every once in a while the old top-puncher would turn around and beam benignly over the gold mine at the bride.

"Boozey must snuggly-wuggly up closer to his Coozie and skeeze her 'itty arm—no, no, not her waist! you naughty! naughty!"

The brewer was back at the bride with another gold-rimmed goo-goo, when his wife got nervous and cut in:

"Is id you turn your face to see somedings—yes?" she snapped, and the foam-bulder ducked to the window and began to eat scenery.

Westerton was almost out; Burress was under the seat sparring for wind; Slim was giving an imitation of a coal-barge in a heavy sea, and the rest of the passengers were in various stages from hiccoughs to convulsions.

"Is Boozey comfy wif his 'itty teeny Birdie?" chirped the bride.

"Boozey is so happy wif his izzy-wizzy!" gurgled the husband. "How's my 'little girley-wirley?"

"Oh, she's such a happy-wappy 'little fling!" giggled the dotty dame, pinching her piggy's ear, whereupon the brewer tried to hand the bride another gasoline gaze, but the old lady caught him with the goods.

"Is id to my face you go behind by back to make googly-googly eyes at somevun—yes?" she growled, and in a minute the brewer's brow was busy with the window pane.

"Sweetie looks at Pele and Sweetie sees that Pele's pretty face is getting sunburned, so it is!" cuckooed Mrs. Duffy; "and Sweetie has a dood mind to kiss him, too!"

They opened a newspaper and crawled under cover.

"Go as far as you like!" said Slim, then he went down and out.

The man who helped to make Weehawken famous had his head out the window watching for an ice wagon.

Just then the train pulled out and saved our lives.

Panhandle Pete Does a Kind Act. By George McManus



Immortal Interviews --

No. 9—Romeo and Juliet Discuss Getting In and Out of Love

By Helen Rowland.

"ROMEO! Romeo! Are you going to answer that door-bell—or AREN'T you?"

It was the gentle voice of Juliet, which penetrated the key-hole as I pushed the electric button of her ground floor flat at No. 2 Rue de Mort—and it was Juliet, herself, in a soiled kimono and a broken flit, who opened the door an instant later and ushered me

into a tiny two-by-four reception room, where Romeo reclined languidly on a velvet couch and blew rings from his cigarette.

"Please pardon appearances," remarked Juliet with that brave, sweet smile of the woman who is trying to make a twenty-five-dollar-a-week salary look like a seventy-five-dollar income. "But what with four children, and no servant, and Romeo smoking round the house all day!" She waved her hands expressively over the littered furniture.

"You never talked like that," grumbled Romeo, rising from the couch and putting down his cigarette with a bored air, "before I married you."

Juliet's nose went into the air.

"No," she acquiesced with a toss of her chin, "I was in love—then."

"So was I," rejoined Romeo, leaning back against the pillows indifferently. "But now I'm—in trouble. If a chap could only have the forethought," he continued, hitching nervously at his bathrobe, "to get out of love before he gets into matrimony!"

"Lots of them do," I murmured protestingly. "NOWADAYS!"

"Do they?" exclaimed Romeo, sitting up and brightening with sudden interest. "How?"

"Well," I hazarded, "don't you remember your first love affair—and how you slipped out of that?"

It was a wild guess, but it hit the mark. Romeo chuckled.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, "that was a close shave, but I managed it neatly."

"What?" Romeo jumped and dropped his cigarette.

"He'd rather," explained Juliet sarcastically, "put on the thumb-screws and let the impression sink in gradually by dropping the correspondence and staying away, and looking blank when she questions him and bored when she kisses him, and disinterested when she talks on personal topics. He doesn't break out of love nor burst out of it; he prefers to crawl out of it."

"You don't understand!" protested Romeo. "If a man can just break off an affair artistically and pit a girl scientifically, he can make her feel as though she had done it herself!"

"And then," broke in Juliet, "he thinks she ought to be grateful for life!"

"And she ought to," snapped Romeo, "for the experience and the education!"

"And for the fact that he didn't marry her!" finished Juliet dramatically. "If a girl only knew it, she should thank every man who turns her down as a blessing in disguise!"

"Children! children!" I broke in, in a desperate effort to change the conversation. "What's that bright thing hanging over Romeo's head?"

Romeo glanced up indifferently. "Oh, that's that old dagger," he responded lazily.

"What dagger?" I inquired, rising to go.

"That old thing we used in the tomb," explained Juliet, drawing her kimono over her frazzled silk petticoat as she got up. "We kept it as a memento of the only sensible thing we ever did."

"The what?"

"The what? finish of love, my dear, which we tried before we got 'that tired feeling'!" and Romeo and Juliet smiled at one another understandingly for the first time.

Play Makes the Man.

By Frank D. Watson.

MAN living in primitive times was in direct contact with nature. He raised his own food, made his own clothes and built his own house. He had many chances of varying his occupation throughout the day. All his work was educational. He had the stimulus of seeing a piece of work begun and ended and of enjoying the fruits of his exertions—this is in marked contrast with the life of the average factory worker. All those qualities which one admires most in a man are deadened when he is compelled to stand day after day and week after week before a huge machine of which he becomes but a part.

It is during leisure rather than during work time that character is formed. The basis of character is the will, and at no time does this function of the mind have so many chances of exercising itself as during recreation. It is then that all restraint is removed and we do as we will. The excellent effect of recreation on the character is seen in children at play. Often for the first time they learn the meaning of those games requiring team work. At play the cheat is quickly discovered and punished with ostracism by his fellows. Such object lessons in the fundamentals of morality are invaluable in the normal development of any child. After all, character is acquired from the environment and not from the blood. Amusement is gaining recognition as a force as potent as formal instruction—Charities and the Commons.

The Day's Good Stories

No Chance for a Miracle.

ONE day Dr. Norman MacLaren, who was a large and healthy man, and one of his burly elders went to pay a visit to a certain Mrs. MacLaren of the congregation, who lived in the Scotch hills. She was a frugal woman, but determined that she should have the best in the house. So she piled the table with jellies and jam and preserves and shortbread, and they partook sparingly.

After the meal the elder said to her: "Mrs. MacLaren, were you at the kirk on Sunday?"

"Oh, aye," she said, "I was."

"And what did you think of the treatment of the miracle?" (the sermon had been on the leaves and fishes).

"I thought it was good," said Mrs. MacLaren.

"And what is your idea on the subject, Mrs. MacLaren?" asked the minister.

"Loch," said their hostess suddenly;

How He Won Her.

HE was a fisherman and in love. He had angled for Angelina and caught her. He had angled for fish also the living day and caught one epiphany; that is, a pokey. That night he went to see Angelina's father on the delicate question of matrimony.

He was nervous and could not bring himself to the momentous question, so he talked about the weather and fishing. The old man asked presently:

"What is it?"

"Only a pound porgy," replied the son.

"My boy!" exclaimed the happy father. "I know what you have come about. Take her and be happy. No man has ever confessed to such a truth before. You are a piscatorial George Washington."

That settled it, though, as a matter of fact, the porgy weighed only half a pound.—Bohemian Magazine.